THE TWO DARKS.

Arthick, when slumber's gentle wand Beckons to quiet fields my boy, And day, whose welcome was so fond, Is slighted like a rivaled toy—

When fain to follow, fain to stay.

Toward night's dim border-tine he peers,
We say he fears the fading day;
Is it the inner dark he fears?

His deep eyes, made for wonder, keep Their gaze upon some land unknown. The while the crowding questions leap That show his ignorance my own.

For he would go he knows not where, And I—I har ily know the more; Yet what is dark and what is fair He would to-night with me explore.

Upon the shoals of my poor creed This plummet falls, but can not rest:
To sound the soundless is his need,
To find the primal soul his quest.

In vain these bird-like flutterings,
As when through cages sighs the wind:
My clearest answer only brings
New depths of mystery to his mind.

Vague thoughts, by crude surmise beset, And groping doubts that loom and pass 'Like April clouds that, shifting, fret With tides of shade the sun-wood grass.

O lonely soul within the crowd Of souls! Oh language-seeking cry! How black were noon without a cloud To vision only of the eye!

:Sleep. child! while healing Nature breaks
Her continent on the wounds of Thought;
.Joy, that anew with morning wakes,
Shall bring you sight it ne'er has brought.

Lord, if there be, as wise men spake, No Death, but only Fear of Death, And when Thy temple seems to shake "Tis but the shaking of our breath—

Whether by day or night we see
Clouds where Thy winds have driven none,
Let unto us as unto Thee
The darkness and the light be one.
-Robert Underwood Johnson, in Century Mag-

"ONE OF THREE."

BY JESSE FOTHERGILL,

Author of "Probation," "The Welfields," Etc. CHAPTER XV.-CONTINUED.

"It must remain too much for him then," Margaret had said. "I shall instinct, as well as her judgment, told has apologized to me-which he never who would each, within so short a time, will. I suppose you mean, dear Mrs. have cared for her, and told her so-he Lascelles, that if I had in reality been a was noble, simple, true and high-poor, destitute governess, who would hearted. After the glimpse she had and love, and position, everything-he side of Louis' nature, she feared him. would have married me, sure that he Could she not make up her mind to must have always been first, that he, at stake her all on one throw, and say any rate, would be under no obligation "Yes" to John Mallabarr? He would "Thank you." But when he found that | she chose, and for as long as she chose, in a worldly point of view I was the and she, unless she went out of her would have had to change his way of life, his standing, everything, and all "Horrid speculations!" says Prudery; because of his wife. Ah! It is horrible! "improper, nay, immodest!" You are would have had to change his way of He gives me credit for no magnanimity, very praiseworthy, dear Prudery, and uses a tone toward me to which I would not submit from the best and wisest Before Margaret could give any kind of the traveler himself least of all. I never man in the world. Is not that the plain answer to herself, John Mallabarr had English of it?"

"I fear it is. But you must not be too hard upon him. You must forgive

he apologizes to me-not before. As to. Quite unconscious of what was for forgiving him-no! I will not for- taking place at Foulhaven, I quietly regive a man who wants a cringing span-iel for his wife, and who loses his temthought of distinguishing is not a spaniel. He shall respect my individuality, or I mewill never notice him again.'

Mrs. Lascelles had not tried to shake this determination. Perhaps she hoped for time to move it; perhaps she considered that Louis' hardness deserved Rupert, who wept and would not be

"Ah, not even Louis can make up to me for you."

Margaret's heart thrilled at the words. Louis then was not in every-thing able to crush her often-erring positive influence by the power of his negative perfection. What was it that impelled her to whisper to the boy: "Do not tell him so. It will grieve

She promised to return to him ere long, and made Mrs. Lascelles vow that she would summon her if the boy's health gave her any uneasiness. Then she had departed, escaping from Foulhaven before John Mallabarr's return from London, and without having again seen Louis. Her pride had enabled her to go through it all with composure, but the recollection of the wretched altereation with Louis had never ceased to pain her; nothing had been able to remove the dull, aching misery of that memory-a misery varied occasionally by an acuter pang—the thought: "He loves me and I love him, and we are lost

to one another." When questioned by Miss Percival as to the reason for her sudden departure from Foulhaven, she had replied carelessly that she had got tired of it, and that Miss Percival's letter had given her a welcome excuse for coming home. "Then they knew who you really

"Oh, yes! I explained everything to Mrs. Lascelles. We parted the best of friends, and I am going to stay with her some time soon. Meantime, my dear, we are going to be very busy getting ready for your wedding.

The preparations went on; the wedding took place; and Mrs. Biddulph said farewell to Margaret with an air of matronly patronage, as if to assure her of her continued affection and good

wifl, which vastly diverted the Lady of the Manor of Beckbridge. All this Margaret quickly conned over in her mind, as she sat resting a short time before going up stairs to lay aside her finery. The fire-light played now upon the dun hue of her satin and welvet, anon upon the creamy old lace, and twinkling diamonds, and the luster of her crown of red-gold hair. She closed her eyes and lay back in her chair—a lovely women, in the pride of

yet how much has happened in it. I of firmness, pride, everything, in the suppose Maurice Biddulph considers agony of his pleading. It was no ought to love. I know by all rules. If it has to be one of three-those threeit should be he. But need it be one of

The door is opened, and the footman announces: "A gentleman, ma'am, to see you."

CHAPTER XVI.

"HARD HIT." Margaret looked up slowly at first, and found that while her eyes had been closed darkness had come on, but the firelight was still bright, and glowed good, handsome and honest; it shone into a pair of dark eyes which scrutinized her very earnestly; it showed her, in short, the figure of John Mallabarr, of whom she had been at that moment

thinking. "Mr. Mallabarr!" she exclaimed, rising to her feet.

He came forward, holding out his hand, and saying: "Yes, it is I. You did not expect to

see me?" She tried to say: "No, but I am very glad to do so," but she could not, and he did not seem to expect any such as-

He laid down his hat and stood on the hearthrug, looking at her silently. Margaret perceived a great change in him. Her heart sank, with a dismal foreboding of what was coming. She was soft-hearted, and hated to hurt or wound any creature. The idea of having to put so noble a creature as this to a mortal pain of the supremest kind, thrilled her with anguish, even in anticipation. She had never seen him look as well as he did now, with the air of resolution on his face which warned her that he had braced himself for a struggle and would not tamely yield. What Louis Baldwin had said was too true. Mallabarr had, indeed, been "hard hit." Before he spoke one wild idea darted into Margaret's mind. After all, her never even speak to him again until he her he was the best of these three men have owed everything to him-home, had of the hard and uncompromising -would never have to stoop and say take her as far away from Foulhaven as e innumerable, and every one that such horrid speculations do occur

to give ear to his words. You will hardly believe that I have been in London nearly all this time. I till he comes back. "I will shake hands with him when had a great deal of business to attend mained in town. I came home the day before yesterday. Yesterday afternoon after you-where you were. She told

> "That she had been harboring an impostor."

"You an impostor!" he echoed scornfully. "That shows what false ideas have been put into your head of your punishment. There had been a heart- own angelic goodness. She spoke of breaking parting between Margaret and you with enthusiasm and with the warmest affection. She said that until of their house; that you had gone home because a friend of yours was going to be married from your house; and also -forgive my speaking plainly, but so much depends upon it—because she believed you had had a quarrel with Louis Baldwin, who had said something that he had no right to say to you. She told it me in confidence, because she said she felt so sad and lonely, and Louis had quite deserted them.'

Mallabarr paused, and looked at her with a wistful earnestness. Before that gaze Margaret could neither deny nor equivocate. She felt it was no time for answered him with forced composure:

any man to utter without resenting it. was likely to see him often."

She has not the least idea of what was in my mind."

"I am glad of that," said Margaret, beneath her breath. "I said I was sorry there had been a

but ever?" A pause. She sat with pale face and agitated breast, her hands clasped before her. Then she summoned up all firmly as she spoke the word: "No!" which to express John Malabarr's may be mentioned the lily, hyacinthe,

as to her only hope. crushed and heart-broken-more shattered, if less desperate, than himself. before her-to have to realize the strength of the passion with which she

that he is punishing me by raising that girl above my head. Well, let him! It pleases him, and does me no harm. as he said to her once during the inter--" her face changed, and a view, "such a leve as one can only go sigh broke from her lips. "That is through once; two such passions in a over. John Mallabar—it is he whom I life-time would kill a man." She still life-time would kill a man." She still maintained her "No!" replying to no arguments, answering no questions; unable to realize anything save that she must refuse.

At last she rose from her sofa, on which she had thrown herself, and looked at him, repeating the word for the twentieth time beneath her breath, and with a gaze that was like an appeal for mercy. No one ever appealed in vain to John Mallabarr for forbearance -no woman, or child, that is. The look did what her voice had been unable to accomplish. He stopped, looked upon a tall figure, a handsome face, at her with his haggard eyes from his white face, and said:

"Perhaps I am forgetting myselfdon't quite know what I am doing; but I think-I must not say any more to you.' With that, and without another syllable-without farewell look or valedictory word-he left the room, never looking behind him. "Hard hit," indeed.

Margaret, putting her arms on the mantel-p'ece, buried her face upon them, and stood there for some time, too prostrate-in spirit, at least-to move. "I went out to see life," she thought, wearily. "If that is part of life, better never be born."

She roused so far at last as to ring for her maid and tell her that she was ill and could see no one more that night. Then she dragged herself up stairs, locked herself in her room, and flung herself upon a couch, to "weep out the night there," to think of Mallabarr going out from her presence into the blackness of night, hopeless-a man marred for the rest of his life through love for her.

"It used to be one of my dreams," she thought, "that no man who loved me should be the worse for it, but the better; and now, what of John? what of Louis? what of myself? miserable mischief-maker that I am !"

CHAPTER XVII.

BLACKFORD GRANGE AGAIN. A few days afterward Margaret had letter from Rupert, in which he said:

"Everything has become sad since my dearest Margaret went away. Louis is so dull-you don't know how dull-John Mallabarr has gone abroad. He came here to say good-bye. He looked very ill, and hardly spoke. I think he must have gone for his health, though it seems odd to think of anything being the matter with him, doesn't it? I asked him why he was going, and he said because there was a ghost at Mallabarr more important of the two-that he mind, or were a very bad woman, must Court, and after consulting the most accomplished magicians as to how to get rid of it, they all agreed with him that paint and paper would be the best means of exorcising it. So he is going no greatness of heart; he can not trust an excellent friend, no doubt, to those to have a lot of the rooms done up, he me; he turns upon me, reproaches me, who stand in need of your protection; says, but he did not seem to know much sneers sarca tically at my follies (which | but you can not do away with the fact | about it. Then I inquired where he was going, but he said he didn't knowof which I would have crushed to please daily to women who are both proper and was going on what the Germans called s generous man, who loved me), and modest, and that they are very fre- 'a journey into the blue,' and that quently answered in the affirmative. meant a journey to no one knew where, knew John to talk in that way before, taken up his parable, and she was forced and to go away before the hunting is to give ear to his words. so my father is going to act as deputy That was quite enough for Margaret.

"Going abroad!" She could well imagine what the words meant to John Mallabarr, and with how dreary a ring they sounded in his ears. Perhaps, per when he finds the woman he has I called upon Mrs. Lascelles. I asked had it occurred to Mallabarr to make a second expedition to Beckbridge Abbey; perhaps, had he dropped unawares upon Margaret, as she sat at that moment conning Rupert's letter with wet eyes, her heart full of rue and pity-a word then, a soul-to-soul glance, might have settled things differently-have altered the whole course of his life and hers. But, as it happened, he was at that very moment at a London railway Comforted. Sobbing, he had said to you had gone they had had no idea to terminus, booking himself and his dog what extent you had been the sunshine to Paris, with the vague idea that from to Paris, with the vague idea that from that city you could go out all over the world, when you had decided to what quarter of the said world to direct your steps: and that, should you not feel disposed for active traveling, it was a place provided with more and merrier means of killing time and drowning sorrow than any other in the world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Odors and Their Action on the Health.

A knowledge of perfumes reaches to

the most remote antiquity. The Jews delicacy, for scruples, quibblings. She made use of them in the time of Moses. swered him with forced composure: They were highly esteemed by the 'Mrs. Lascelles was right. He said Greeks in the time of the wise but things to me which I would not allow rigorous Solon. Their use was carried to excess by the Romans; and finally, I could not remain in a house where I in our times, they appear to have arwas likely to see him often." rived at their utmost perfection and delicacy. It had been reserved also for purpose. I saw she was distressed, and the present day to use them in the I did not wish to distress her further. greatest profusion. But if the perfumes that are everywhere found, and can be extracted by certain processes, may be used with safety, this can not be said in every case of the odors that are naturally exhaled by flowers, leaves or fruits. quarrel. Perhaps, I said, it would soon | Their action on the economy in a limbe made up——"

"Never," said Margaret, frowning.

"Then," said he, after a pause, and
be noticed. It manifests itself by serious be noticed. It manifests itself by serious speaking very quietly and gently, "will disorder, headache, syncope, and even you tell me, Margaret, if there will be by asphyxia if their action is too long any chance for me-I don't say now, prolonged. In nervous persons numb-but ever?" prolonged. In nervous persons numb-ness may occur in all the members, convulsions and loss of voice, but in general only a state of somnolence, ac-companied by feebleness and retardaher resolution, and tried to look at him tion of the action of the heart. This state is often associated with wellbut the lookshe met shook her to the very marked dinness of vision. Amongst soul. "Hard hit' was a small way in the flowers that are most deleterious wound. But having once said it, ut narcissus, crocus, rose, carnation, hontered "No!" although in the softest of eysuckle, jessamine, violet, elder, etc. tones, she clung to that monosyllable In addition to the danger caused by their smell should be mentioned their Needless to follow out the scene in action on the air. During the night detail. Before it was over, she was flowers actively produce carbonic acid, which is injurious to health. Magendie even cites a case of death caused by Nothing could ever be so terrible again as this. It was nothing short of torture to have to see his heart laid bare slept with in her bedroom. Amongst the more dangerous plants may be mentioned the walnut, the bay tree and her youth and beauty, thinking.

had inspired him—to see his blanched hemp. The action of these is known, the latter indeed production of the latter indeed pr hemp. The action of these is wellknown, the latter indeed producing s

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

-The use of nursing bottles for children is strictly prohibited at the Paris Maternity Hospital.

-The people of London, it is said, pay \$7,500,000 every year for water sold as milk.

-There is a modiste in Paris who cuts and trims for dogs only. In her establishment are mats and rugs on which the animals repose while waiting not many years since, in an Austrian to try on their garments.

-Mr. Casatta, the eminent Neapolitan coral dealer who gained the first prize at the lisheries Exhibition), estimates the value of the coral exported from Naples by sea last year at nearly thieving and dismissed. Not long after-

-Much of France, nearly all of Spain and large portions of Italy are entirely destitute of forests. The tourist can travel day after day in these countries without seeing standing timber enough to make a decent-sized barm

-It is related of President Grevy, of France, who is well known to be a skilful billiard player, that he recently inmen played together. Rumors are now afloat that the President actually beat the professional player.

-The Hungarian Ministry of Internal Communication has issued orders that only officials of the rank of a ministerial councillor shall be allowed to step on the staircase carpets, and that all officials below that rank must mount or descend on the uncarpeted strips of the staircases. These important orders are intended to save the state carpets.

-According to the statement of the Vice Director of the Rio Janeiro Faculty of Medicine, in Brazil, where all the inhabitants take coffee many times a day, alcoholism is unknown; it is further stated that immigrants contract little by little the fondness of the Brazilians for drinking coffee, and their a ersion for liquors; and as the children of these immigrants never contract the fatal habits known to their parents, it would seem that the number of drunkards in the country is in inverse ratio to the amount of coffee consumed. A South American correspondent of the Medical Times confirms the above.

-Singers are a most superstitious race, and most of them have some panarea of their own to which they attach implicit faith. Herr Stockhausen, the great German baritone, partakes absolutely of no solid food on the days when he has to sing. A famous tenor takes sips of champagne in the intervals of acting; a great lady artist believed in the enicacy of Guinness's stout; oysters, a raw egg beaten with sugar and slices of cucumber are named among the innumerable eccentric remedies resorted to by our numerous Lucias and Manricos, Lohengrins and Elsas.

-In a letter to the London Times on "Genuine and False Inscriptions in Palestine," M. Clermont-Ganneau says tablished at Jerusalem several years ago certain manufactories for the fabrication of antiquities at prices sometimes moderate, sometimes fairly remunerative, not only for the benefit of tourists, but also of savants, which is more serious."

Bogus Nobility.

The words, "She is a baroness," heading a recent newspaper sensation, served as the modern substitute of the old-time fairy's wand to make a noble lady of a poor girl who manufactured artificial flowers. Emma Friederike Pauli, the daughter of humble parents, lived in Charlottenburg, a suburb of this city, where she made a frugal living by twisting into shape beauties for the adornment of those more fortunate than herself. During her brief leisure from her duties of evenings, Emma frequently visited the city, making her way to the Cafe National, where gay creatures of little reputation but much fine dress were always to be found. The eye for color, form and contrast which enabled her to prepare the flowers from muslins and sitks also noted the elegant toilets of many of the women, less scrupulous than herself, and generally far comelier; for Roman constituted the German type of Thackeray's Becky Sharpe- a shrewd woman, with few personal attractions, and possessing more intellect than virtue. She reasoned that it was just as possible for her to have fine clothes as any of the other women who flaunted past her: but, then, Emma desired also to be considered a lady. How to a complish both these results was what occupied her thoughts daily over her work. And finally she had an in- The wrist and arm are also protected by spiration, executing thereupon some clever forgeries. A few days later the newspapers related her romantic histoher mother was a baroness and her father a French Admiral, by whose will she (Emma) was entitled to £0,000 thalers. but strangely enough, several of the She produced papers to this effect, scaled and signed by responsible persons, which contained also the information that 2.0 marks would be paid her m nthly as interest through a certain banking-house.

No one doubted the genuineness of known by the name to which it apared, as baroness, she was entitleddelaine von Hilgenheim. The possession of blue blood, and the change for the better in condition and attire, coupled with the romantic situation, made her immediately an object of attention by numerous fortune-hunting bachelors. So well had she studied her part that every one was deceived. Some of the enamored gentlemen advanced her loans on the wealth in prospect, and her rent was allowed to go unpaid for months on the strength of her alleged credit. She was indeed a fine lady, observed by all, courted to her heart's content, enabled to dress richly, and the envy of her fe-male associates. It was the very ease with which she had duped the people that at length made her careless. And then came exposure.

The trial attracted great interest here. The papers were quickly proven to be forgeries, and an old Lothar o who had without detriment to the welfare of plowing in of green crops has no superior.—N. Y. Times. constituted himself the "baroness" mankind."

banker had a rude shock, as he was compelled to spend several months in prison on suspicion of having been a party to the forgerics. Emma was sent up for eighteen months, and the name of the Baroness Melaine Von Hilgenheim was erased from the list of the nobility.

Another swindler who recently be came famous through exposure had also prospered at the expense of title-worshipers. It seems that he was a private, regiment. An officer in high rank was pleased with the young fellow's address, who was both fine-looking and intelligent, so he made the soldier his valet. In a short time the fellow was caught ward he bobbed up in Hungary as a former Austrian officer, and gained admission to high circles. Before long, however, his indiscretions exposed him, greatly to the consternation of these who had made him loans. Saxony then received him, where he passed for a Count. The wealthy burghers were flattered with his attentions to their pretty daughters, and he became envited the famous professional player | gaged to several in various cities, while Vignaux to the Elysee, and that the two | he borrowed large sums of his prospective fathers-in-law. After it was no longer safe he as regularly disappeared, and to save a scandal none of the families would give the matter pub-

A few months ago the "count" arrived in Berlin and as his papers, coatof-arms, etc., bore investigation, he was taken at face value. Here he attempted his old tricks, by the aid of his accompl ce, who, however, eventually had the 'count' brought to justice.

One evening as dusk fell, the daughter of a wealthy citizen was passing through an unfrequented street to a horoughfare, when a man attacked her. he screamed loudly, and up rushed a fashionably-dressed young man to her rescue. He drove the ruffian off, and then offered to see the frightened girl to her residence. Here he asked the privilege of calling next day to inquire after health, and handed her his card, "Count —." Grateful for his services and flattered at receiving a nobleman's attentions, she acquiesced. And when he did appear next day, the girl's parents received him with effusive thanks. The plan worked well. He called frequently, and finally paid the young woman such marked attentions that her father looked into the "count's" record. He learned that no such noble family existed in Austria, but that the elegant "Count --- " was a swindler of the worst type and an exvalet. The father was a man of spirit, and promptly reported his discoveries to the police. Proof of the "count's" many thefts were forthcoming; he was arrested, and at the trial his whole history came out. He was sentenced to a

long term of imprisonment. The latest sensation of this nature is fresh. The other evening two elegantly-attired ladies drove up in a private carriage to a large jewelry establish-ment and entered. The room was full there are only seven inscriptions which of customers and all the force engaged. certainly belong to the historical past | While one of the women kept a clerk | of the country, and he adds, with great | busy, the other slipped a case of diacomplacency, "by a piece of good luck, mond rings off the counter into her six of these have fallen to my share." cloak-pocket without being noticed. cloak-pocket without being noticed. He also says that, to remedy the dearth | They then left the shop, entered the of ancient monuments, "there were es- carriage, and drove away. A few minutes later the case of rings, valued at something near \$20,000, was missed From the description the police recognized two notorious female thieves, and are now searching for them. The jewelry firm offers \$750 reward for the women's capture.—Berlin Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Pallone.

The balls used are made of leather stuffed with chopped hay; but, before the game commences, water is forced into them, so that they become as hard. and almost as heavy, as stones. Some are about the size of a tennis, others considerably larger than a cricket, ball; and which are to be used is often the most difficult point to settle in arranging a match. It is a great advantage to powerful men when the heavier balls are chosen, while those who depend on their agility and sharpness of sight rather than their muscular strength, prefer the smaller ones. In striking, an instrument is used which, for want of a better name, we may call a gauntlet. It is a piece of solid wood, hollowed out so as to admit the hand; a stout rod is left in the center, which is fi mly grasped while two thin diagonal slips separate the first from the second, and the third from the fourth finger. To Englishmen this may appear a very inconvenient arrangement, but it must be remembered the Italians even in fencing are accustomed to hold the rapier by the cross-bar of the hilt, which they tie to the wrist. The outside of the gauntlet is fashioned into a rough semblance of the human hand, and studded over with blunt knobs of harder wood, which are fastened into the original piece. thick wooden casings, which are strapped or buckled on. It is only one hand which is "sheathed" in this anything ry-just made known to herself-that but "glittering mail," the other is left free. In general it is of coure the right that bears the burden and the honor; most distinguished pallone-players have been left-handed. The regular game is played by six, there being three on each side, who are led by the battitore. Each party has also a mandarino, who gives the first ball, but takes no further part No one doubted the genuineness of the documents, and she at once became the two sides take their places at the opposite ends of the court, the battitore of the party which has the first innings mounts the trampolino, his mandarino throws, or rather feeds, the ball toward him, and he rushes down the trampolino and strikes it in the direction of his opponents with as much force and sk Il as he can command. If it passes the center of the court and is not returned, so that it remains lying on the other side of the cordino, he stores fifteen; the second time this happens, thirty; the th rd forty; the fourth ball finishes the game. Two games make a trampolino, and after each the parties exchange places. A match generally consists of five trampolini and one game for each side—that is, of twenty-two games in all .- Satur. day Review.

-Speaking of the so-called art, of hanging, a humane contemporary says:

HOME AND FARM.

-It is a mistaken notion that any soil good enough for beans. Beans require good soil well prepared for paying results.

-Flowers kept in a warm room should be watered with tepid water. Very cold water is apt to freeze the roots. - Troy Times.

-Rice Biscuits: Sift seven ounces of sugar; then add to it half a pound of the best ground rice, seven ounces of flour, and mix it into a paste with eggs—two are sufficient for this quantity.— Western Plowman

-Do not permit firm hands to smoke in the barn or to lay down a lighted pipe there. Colonel Colman sa s that most farm fires occur in winter. He keeps a pail of very salt water on every house tloor. - N. Y. Herald.

-One of the best ways to cure sore throat is as follows: Wring a cloth out of salt and cold water, and keeping it quite wet bind tightly about the neck. Cover this with a dry cloth. It is best to use this remedy in the night.-Detroit Post.

-Lemon cookies are made of one large cup of sugar. a little more than half a cup of butter, wif a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two teaspoonsful of hot water, flavor with lemon, and use just flour enough so that you can roll the cookies out thin; bake in a quick oven .- N. Y. Fost.

-"If young horses were ridden or driven over rough fields instead of over smooth roads when first put in harness or under the sadile their liability to stumble would be much lessened. They would learn from the first to step high in order to avoid uneven surfaces, and this habit once acquired would prevent this danger later on roads ordinarily smooth."—American Cultivator.

-Cure for Corns: Soak the feet well in warm water, pare off as much of the corn as can be done without pain, and bind up the part with a piece of linen or muslin, thoroughly saturated with sperm-oil, or, what is better, the oil from herring or mackerel. After three or four days the dressing may be found of a soft and healthy texture, and less liable to the formation of a new corn than before. We have obtained this recipe from a reliable source which we can not well doubt, and we publish it for the benefit of many readers .- Journal of Chemistry.

-Farmers sometimes suffer greatly with chapped and cracked hands. It is easily cured, however, if the following precautions are observed. Do not wash the hands while the healing process is going on oftener than necessary, and when you do wash them use Castile soap and warm water, dry them thoroughly and then rub them well with melted mutton tallow. Do this three times a day and you will soon cure the worst case. If those who are exposed to the cold weather would grease the hands well with mutton tallow every night they would find the skin softer and whiter and less liable to chap .-Prairie Farmer.

The Value of Green Manures.

Farmers have an exceedingly inadequate idea of the value of green ma-nures. One who will sow his seed and wait patiently for the crop will be too impatient to grow a crop of rye or corn or clover to be plowed under to enrich the soil and return its rich harvest another year. Another will spend hundreds of dollars for purchased manure or fertilizers, but will not spend tens in growing a crop to plow into the soil for the same purpose. And there are farm-ers who have determined to plow under a clover sod and have top-dressed in the fall or winter with this intention, but who have lost heart when they have seen a luxuriant growth on the ground, which seemed to be "a waste of good fodder," as they have said, and so they have waited and have either pastured it or mowed it off and robbed the soil of food which it sorely needed. This would seem quite different if farmers would think of their soil as something to be fed and supported to enable it to yield its produce, as much as a cow that yields milk or a sheep that yields wool. There are some close analogies between our fields and our animals. An an mal is a machine-if we like to call t so—by which we make salable prod-ucts from raw materials. It is inex-haustible for its term of life so long as it is fed; but it is really inexhaustible in fact, because, before its useful life ends, it reproduces itself several times and simply becomes a link in a chain which we may draw out indefinitely without reaching the end of it. So that in this view of it even an animal is inexhaustible so long as it is fed. And so is the soil, and no more and no longer, and, indeed, if it is not fed, a field will be mere dead, useless matter, just as a starved cow or sheep will be. farmer must learn to think of his land in this way or he gets a wrong idea of it. He must not neglect to study up the science of feeding his fields as he reads up that of feeding his live stock. He must become acquainted with feed-

ing tables and rations and kinds of food for the land as well as for animals, and must provide them liberally. And as clover is accounted an excellent food for stock so it is an excellent food for land. But, at the same time, as there are other fodders which can be used along with clover, or as a substitute when helped out by more st mulating food, so there are other crops beside clover which may be made to serve as food for the soil. Indeed, the soil is not very exacting in this respect, although it will never give something for nothing, and always returns freely in exact proportion to what it receives and no more; but it is omniverous and has an exceedingly strong dige-tion. So that the farmer can not go astray if he will always provide something for it. It may be weeds and no more, but it is. better if it is a crop of buckwheat, and better still if it is rye or corn or even turnips or rape, but best of all if we can give it rich clover which goes down deeply and draws food from the subsoil and opens it broad leaves to the air and gathers from that source too, as well as others which other plants can not reach, and so gives to the farmer a hundredtold in return for the seed and labor he has expended. There are other ways